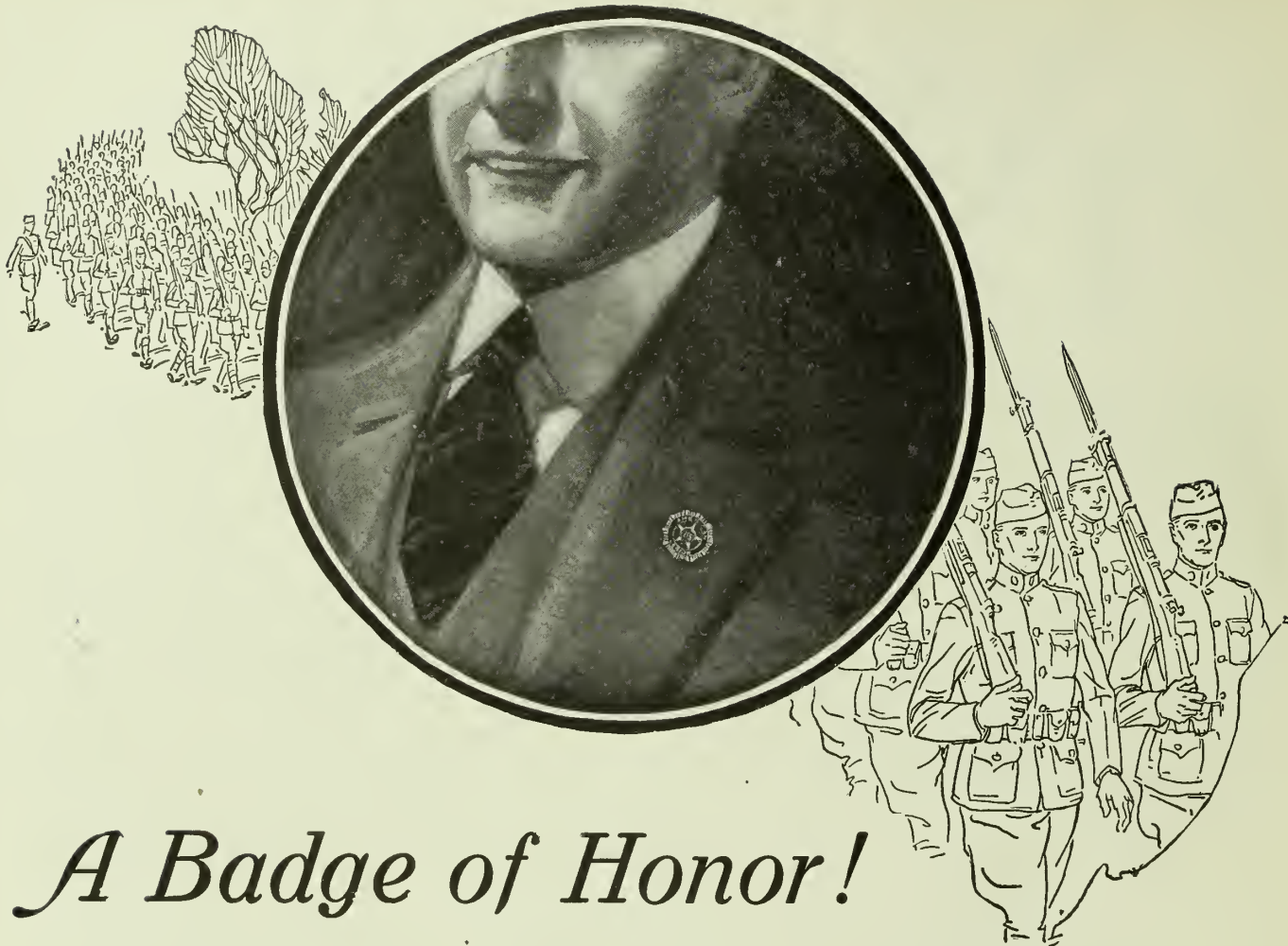


MARCH 19, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*





A Badge of Honor!

THE American Legion emblem has come to be recognized as a badge of honor. It identifies its wearer to civilians and service men alike as a man worth knowing—a loyal and patriotic American. Never be without your Legion emblem. Membership buttons are made in two sizes and in three qualities. There is one that will exactly meet your requirements. Get a button for every coat!

THE 1926 Emblem Catalog which is FREE to Legionnaires, not only describes membership buttons but a score of other attractive Legion emblem combinations as well. Auto emblems, jewelry, watches, rings, charms, prize cups, trophies, Post caps, banners, flags and many other things too numerous to mention are described in this attractive booklet. Your copy is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's FREE!

— FILL OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY —

THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen; Please send me a FREE copy of the 1926 Emblem Catalog which describes Membership Buttons and other official jewelry, supplies and regalia. It is to be understood that this will in no way obligate me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

I am a member of Post No. _____

Dept. of _____



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



P. R. BABCOCK, Commander of Leon E. Abbott Post of Swampscott, Massachusetts, helped shovel sixteen inches of snow from the sidewalks in front of the post's clubhouse a few weeks ago. Then he went inside and dashed off this letter: "Swampscott Post occupies a fine large building in the center of town, five minutes from the famous bathing beaches and fifteen minutes from the summer capitol where President Coolidge stays during the hot weather." That's optimism—talking of hot weather and ocean bathing when you are almost snowbound. But Mr. Babcock had a good reason for being foresighted. "Please pass word along that our post cordially invites any Legionnaires coming this way to call at our clubhouse," he added. Incidentally, he says Abbott Post is out to get 300 members for 1926, double its 1925 enrollment.

* * *

WELL, Florida doesn't win the Lindsley Trophy this year, as the story on page 7 makes clear, but it had to lose some time. It had pyramided its membership gains several years, so it had a tough problem when it tried to do it this year. At that, it came mighty close to winning.

* * *

JUST to let the rest of the Legion know how its own state looks on the Florida Department, here's a bit of news. At a recent conference of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce, the Florida Department of The American Legion was asked to take entire charge of its state's exhibit at the Sesqui-centennial Celebration in Philadelphia this year. This honor came largely as a recognition of the wonderful way the Florida Legionnaires boosted their own State at the last three national conventions of the Legion—San Francisco, St. Paul and Omaha. You may have wondered how the Florida boom happened to start.

* * *

WHEN Kansas City contributions to The American Legion Endowment Fund were added up last year, the total was quite a bit short of the city's quota. But Kansas City hadn't called the job off. Voiture Trois of the Forty and Eight in Kansas City decided to fill out the quota. "As proof of our intentions, we hand you the accompanying check for \$2,000," Frank Charles Peake, Correspondant, said in a recent letter to Robert H. Tyndall, National Treasurer.

"This is only the first payment. We are going to put this drive across." They're making good with a will, too.

* * *

THE personal magnitude contest is now open. "St. Joseph (Michigan) Post believes it has the biggest post commander in the Legion," writes C. M. Cameron, the post's vice-commander. "He is Howard Olson, and he weighs 277 pounds and is six feet and six inches tall. His chest measurement is forty-eight inches and his waist forty-five inches. He wears a size eighteen shirt with special thirty-seven inch sleeves."

* * *

IF YOU didn't get your copy of "The Second A. E. F.", the France convention supplement which accompanied the February 5th issue of the Weekly, or if you have lost it, ask your department adjutant to send you one. The France Convention Committee has sent to each department headquarters a large supply of the supplements. Most department adjutants, it is assumed, will announce in bulletins to posts arrangements for distribution of the extra copies. Paris Convention posters in colors are being sent to all department headquarters for free distribution to all posts. If your post hasn't received the posters, write to your department adjutant.

* * *

PLEASE make another important announcement," asks John J. Wicker, Jr., National Travel Director of the France Convention Committee. "While the national committee leaves the approval of local banks under the savings clubs plan entirely in the hands of local Legion posts, nevertheless the committee believes, it unwise to approve more than one bank in cities under forty thousand population. In smaller cities best results will come from supporting one approved bank."

* * *

BESIDES being commander of the Legion post in Bridgeport, Connecticut, whose activities in connection with a flag program he interestingly describes in this issue, W. Parker Seeley swings a mean golf club. He didn't say anything about it, but a golfer who knows tells us that for at least two of the last six years Seeley has been amateur champion golfer of his State. Is he the best Legion golfer?

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Blackmail

*Dean, ex-D. C. I. operator,
again at grips with Dan
Lark, master criminal*

By KARL W. DETZER

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles



Still as a cave the night lay. Dean made out the scratch of a pen and the chesty sighs of a man inside the room

V. E. Pyles

AT a quarter before two on the morning of June 7, 1920, Inspector Lacarte and Operator Christopher Dean of the Paris Bureau de Police stepped cautiously off the Paris-Tours local at the station of Marchmont on the north bank of the River Loire. There were two persons on the platform, the sleepy *chef de gare*, who still wore his red night cap, since he rightfully did not expect passengers to arrive at so unearthly an hour, and a bearded peasant in a smock, carriage whip in hand.

It was the latter who approached Lacarte and Dean.

"The General sent me."

That was all he said. Dean nodded. Lacarte grunted a tired "good evening," and the two followed the bearer of the whip to a small, high-wheeled cart. At exactly two o'clock the cart stopped in a gravel drive before the door of a small chatelet, and General Vizelle (Artillery, retired) held a lamp overhead in the stone-flagged corridor.

"I received your telegram with the dessert at dinner," he said. "There is a small fire in my library. It is cold these summer nights, eh? Chairs. Tobacco on the table."

At a quarter past two Vizelle, Lacarte and Dean leaned upon their elbows at a table under the hanging lamp, with a large scale map of the Loire valley spread before them.

"It is here, directly across the river," General Vizelle explained and jabbed the map with his thumb, "back from the road. But I swear you are on the wrong track. The place is unoccupied for these five years. Furnished, but the owner prefers Paris."

Inspector Lacarte shook his head impatiently.

"It was rented last Monday. To an American."

"The Americans rent everything!" The general spoke hotly, forgetting Dean.

"An American named Lark, Monsieur Dan Lark," Lacarte went on.

"For one month. Now show me where Jouquard lives, Jouquard the editor of the *Paris Telegram*."

"Ah, that scamp!" old General Vizelle snorted. "There, Inspector." He laid his thumb again on the map. "The two places are jammed tight together. The Chateau of the Swords is its name. Fine old castle, full of history. So that's it! They say blackmail is profitable to some editors. Poor as a sparrow at night, rich in the morning. I begin to see why you are here, gentlemen. So Jouquard is behind it, the vagabond!"

Inspector Lacarte gave the map a hard scrutiny and nodded savagely.

"My general, we have come to your house because you could be trusted. Your friend, Noyale, commander of the district of Paris, has given his word. I will tell you all that I dare. This man Lark, the American, is as smart a rascal as ever wore out shoes. President of the North American Stock Company, he calls himself. He has a document in his possession, . . . ah, a document black as dirt, my general! He rents a chateau next door to Jouquard, whom you call a blackmailer. So we, the police, have business on your sector of the Loire . . . I make it clear?"

"I ask no questions," General Vizelle replied. He stood up stiffly, his crippled right hand in a cramped salute. "At your service, gentlemen. Vive la France." He remembered Dean.

"And your America," he added politely. "Aye, Vive la France," Lacarte interrupted, "and may we all be here to enjoy her when the bells ring for mass next Sunday."

* * * * *

At six o'clock, Operator Dean let himself out to the grounds of the chatelet. He had been too excited to sleep. Only a week before he had bested Dan Lark in one scuffle. The contraband arms which the American ex-officer and crook had tried to ship out of France to a hostile African

tribe now lay on the stony bottom of Biscay Bay. But there still was the letter . . . that dangerous letter, written by the biggest toad in the government puddle, Deputy Angel himself, leader in the Chamber, offering to sell those same arms to the same tribal chief!

It was treason to France, that offer. And Lark had the letter . . . threatened to sell it. To the newspapers. And if it were published, Dean and Lacarte and General Noyale, commander of the gendarmerie, agreed that there would be trouble. Torches and barricades very likely. The people were tired of untrustworthy men in high places. Their temper was brittle just now. They talked lightly of revolution. That one letter . . . pff! . . . and France might be aflame! Better, by far, to force Angel out quietly. And destroy the letter!

Dean walked thoughtfully. A rough adventure was in the offing, he had a good idea, and what stage could be better fixed for it? General Vizelle's establishment lay advantageously upon a hill. Six kilos to the west the twin spires of Tours cathedral poked through a brown smoke cloud. Dean knew that city. In the closing days of the A. E. F., he had gone to Tours on business for the D. C. I., the American secret police. It was from there he had been called to his present assignment with the Paris Bureau de Police. In Tours he first heard of Dan Lark, that well educated, blood stained adventurer, whose schemes were as long as the equator and temper just as hot. They had become worthy rivals, Lark and he, Lark who hated the law and everybody connected with it; he, Christopher Dean,

who enforced it, because . . . base reason . . . he sought, and usually found, excitement.

General Vizelle, his crippled arm hanging awkwardly, crunched down the path.

"There, Monsieur l'American . . . see it! That is the Château of the Swords where the editor lives, close to the river, on the other side, with the battlements and turrelles. Too fine a castle for a scoundrel, eh? And he puts on more airs than a virtuous duchess with a bank account. Footmen, doormen, guards at the gate . . . Jouquard allows no one to stick a nose inside except architects. Preserving a monument to France, he says . . ."

"Architects?"

"To be sure. So that they can go away and prattle about to owners of castles less grand. But over there . . . that's where you say your wicked American has rented . . . that square house with the round dome. I hear it has a built-in bath tub . . ."

"Is there a boat on the river, a small boat?"

The General looked puzzled.

"But yes. Right at the foot of this path. Why do you ask?"

"Because there is no bridge nearer than Tours, my general, and I might want to visit your neighbors."

* * * * *

The guard at the door who admitted Dean called the doorman. The doorman called the butler. The butler shook his head, put on his iron rimmed spectacles and looked at the card which Dean handed him.

"Architect, eh?" He clucked his tongue. "But Monsieur-Jouquard is not in."

"He will be back soon?"

"Not till night. And then he has an engagement."

"With me," suggested Dean hopefully.

"Non. With another American, a neighbor. But I could show you now through the lower floor. Step in. This is the great hall . . . authentic Sixteenth Century. This way . . . in this room Napoleon breakfasted. Here . . . this is the chapel. My master uses it as a private office now-a-days . . ."

"What an excellent view!"

Dean, ignoring the servant, who he thought was a talkative old fool, strode to the window. A scant six feet below the sill the River Loire splashed against stone abutments. Just above the water a small balcony of carven rock hung out from the wall.

"Aye, Monsieur, a fine view," the butler conceded. "But look at the ceiling, the groined arches, the pilasters . . ."

Dean leaned one hand lazily against the window sash. The servant was busy explaining the carvings overhead. Dean's hand closed on the old fashioned iron latch, lifted it cautiously, left it open and withdrew.

"A beautiful ceiling!" he exclaimed.

* * * * *

"The curse of the seven blind witches on that moon!" grunted Inspector Lacarte. "Couldn't we have a cloudy night for once, with the farmers all wearing holes in their knees praying for rain? Ready, Dean? Good luck! I'll wait here. And if you do not get back by dawn . . ."

He pushed off the boat. Christopher Dean glanced at the dial of his wrist watch, tilting it toward the moon. Exactly eight forty-five. He picked up

The former D. C. I. operator heard the one o'clock train whoop into Marchmont while his boat was still far out in the Loire



the oars. At nine o'clock he made the boat fast to a projecting stone ornament on the balcony under the window of the Château of the Swords, from which he had looked that afternoon.

He climbed up cautiously to the balcony. Moss covered its floor. He flattened against the wall and listened. The window made a black patch at his left. A heavy curtain had been drawn close inside the glass. Light squeezed past its folded edges.

Dean reached up and pulled gently on the casement door. He had known it would move . . . hadn't he unfastened it himself and trusted to a policeman's luck that no bonehead servant would lock it again? He pulled a second time. The window stood open two inches.

Still as a cave the night lay. Dean made out clearly the scratch of a pen and the chesty sighs of a man inside the room. Jouquard, no doubt, at his desk. A fat man, the general had said . . . he would puff and sigh while he wrote. Alone. Perhaps Dan Lark had come with his blackmailing scheme and gone. Perhaps Lark wasn't even the American who was expected . . . yet what other American who lived close by would be arranging with Jouquard for an interview tonight?

"Chance!" Dean told himself.

He shrugged his shoulders. Chance had saved his neck times enough be-

fore this and might do it a few times more!

He could smell the smoke of Jouquard's pipe where he braced against the wall. He heard the rattle of paper as the publisher finished each sheet. A half hour passed; passed again. And then came the sound of a speeding automobile on the road. Voices at the bridge across the old moat. Clanging doors. Then in the room, a servant, announcing:

"The American, Monsieur."

"Eh? Send him in."

A moment of quiet. Jouquard cleared his throat.

"Good evening, Jouquard."

It was Dan Lark.

"Shut the door behind you," the editor answered bluntly. "What do you want tonight?"

"One hundred thousand francs."

"I told you last night that fifty thousand was my limit."

Dean, flattened against the wall, listened tensely. They had been dicker-ing some time evidently. What if they had come to an agreement before . . . if he had been too late! Perhaps he was too late now . . . the letter might already be in Jouquard's safe . . .

"You offered fifty thousand for a copy," Lark said lightly. "Tonight I brought the original."

"Let me see it."

A crackling of papers.

"Angel's signature," Lark pointed out. "I verified it."

"Eh? Oh, yes, it's Angel's signature, all right." Jouquard's voice was non-committal. "You have never said how you got it."

"I stole it."

"I supposed so. But why should I want to print it?"

"You won't," Lark answered blandly. "You'll hold it over Angel's head for a nice sum of money. A hundred thousand francs is cheap."

"Hum!" the editor cleared his throat again. "I'll write a check."

"I prefer cash."

"Cash tomorrow. A check now. Which?"

"Write the check," directed Lark.

Dean gripped the sill. He heard the pen once more, then the brusque "Thank you" of his fellow American.

"I'll see you to the door," Jouquard suggested.

The door to the room opened and closed. Dean reached inward and cautiously pulled aside the curtain. Jouquard's table stood tidy with papers under a triple-burner hanging lamp. In five seconds Dean's quick hands were sorting through them. There it was, on top.

He read the first sentence and Deputy Angel's signature. Five seconds more and he retreated through the win-

(Continued on page 14)

Putting the Flag in the Schools

By W. PARKER
SEELEY

TWO hundred and thirty-six bright new American flags adorn the walls of school rooms in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the boys and girls of Bridgeport today know the history of the flag and the rules for using and respecting it. This is the result of a flag contest conducted during one whole week by Harry W. Congdon Post of Bridgeport. On a Monday morning Bridgeport Legionnaires distributed 11,000 flag questionnaires to the children of the fifth to the eighth grades, announcing that a large United States flag would be given to each school room in which sixty per cent of the children answered two-thirds of the flag questions correctly. The questionnaires, which the pupils studied at home with the assistance of their parents, were collected on Friday afternoon. In each school room the boy or girl submitting the best answers to the questionnaire was made officer in charge of the flag for the year. Money to pay for the flags donated

to the school rooms and for the printing of the questionnaires was obtained by the Legion post through the installation of a uniform flag decoration sys-

tem on Bridgeport streets with the cooperation of business men. Harry W. Congdon Post recommends its school flag contest plan to any post wishing to engage in a community effort which will win general favor.

One of the most encouraging effects of the flag contest was the interest manifested by the parents of the school

children. Practically all of the pupils carried the flag questionnaires home with them and obtained the assistance of their fathers and mothers in preparing the correct answers to the questions. Many parents expressed their appreciation of the opportunity afforded them to clear up doubtful points of the rules of flag etiquette. For example, a number said they always had been puzzled to know just when the salute to the flag in a street pa-

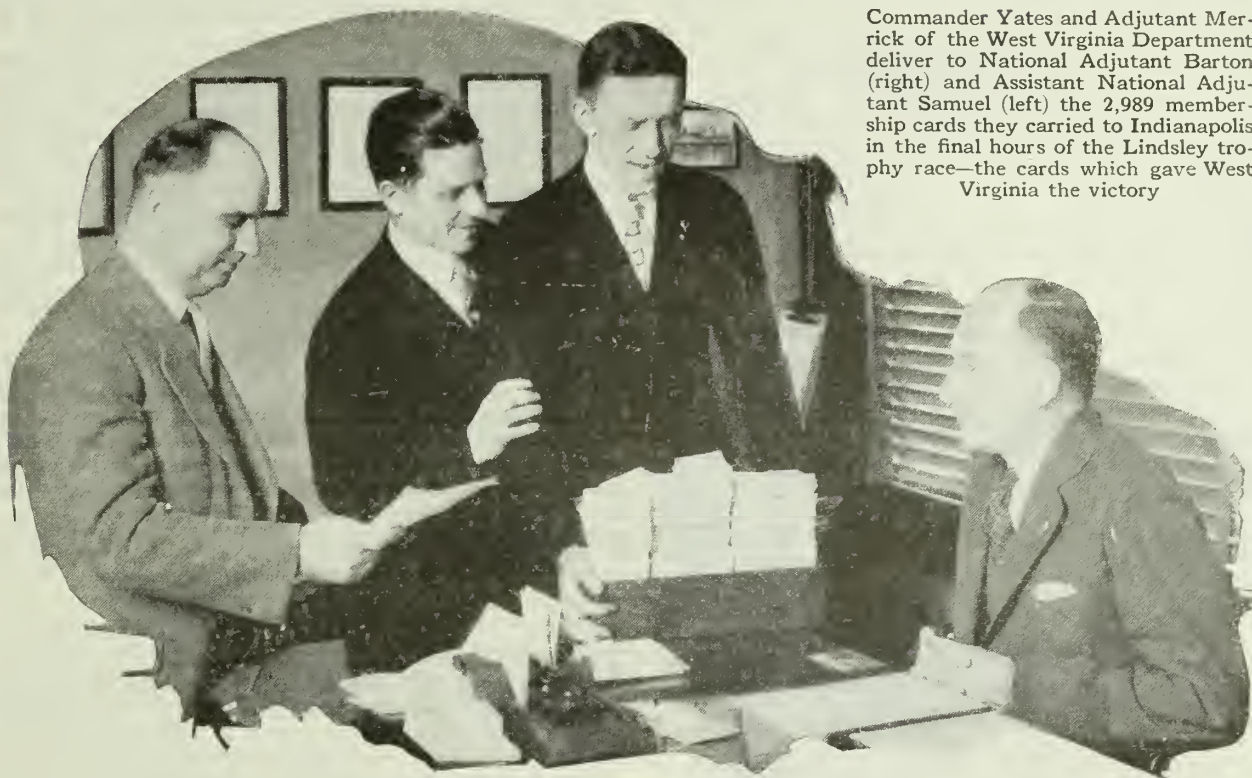
rade should commence and when it should end. Another point which interested them especially was the proper position of the stars on the flag when the flag is displayed on a wall.



This photograph shows how proud Shelton School of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is of its prize flags. Members of the Bridgeport Post's flag committee and the school's principal are shown with the boys and girls who are flag officers

WEST VIRGINIA WINS

Commander Yates and Adjutant Merrick of the West Virginia Department deliver to National Adjutant Barton (right) and Assistant National Adjutant Samuel (left) the 2,989 membership cards they carried to Indianapolis in the final hours of the Lindsley trophy race—the cards which gave West Virginia the victory



CAME midnight of February twenty-eighth, as they say in the movie captions.

Came also some few hours before midnight of February twenty-eighth Arthur G. Yates and Roderick G. Merrick to Indianapolis.

Came also to Indianapolis with Mr. Yates and Mr. Merrick exactly 2,989 membership cards of The American Legion issued by the Department of West Virginia.

Came also to Indianapolis with Mr. Yates and Mr. Merrick the entire Department of West Virginia's hopes of winning the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy.

And West Virginia won the cup.

When all the membership cards of all the departments received at National Headquarters up to midnight of February 28th were counted, it was found that West Virginia's, including the 2,989 which Mr. Yates and Mr. Merrick had brought in person, totaled exactly 7,368, which is 1,463 more than the number of members West Virginia had in 1925. On the percentage scale it is 124 percent of West Virginia's 1925 membership. The Lindsley Trophy is awarded to the department obtaining before March 1st the highest percentage of increase over its membership of the preceding year.

Put it down that West Virginia won. But that is only an incidental part of the story. While Mr. Yates, the Department Commander of West Virginia, and Mr. Merrick, West Virginia's Department Adjutant, were speeding to Indianapolis on a train carrying with them the 2,989 membership cards which their department had piled up for the final hours of the Lindsley cup

How They Finished

THE Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, a silver cup, is awarded annually to the Department attaining before March 1st the highest percentage of its preceding year's membership. The final count of membership cards at the finish of the 1926 cup race showed the following percentages for the ten leading departments:

| | |
|---------------------|--------|
| West Virginia | 124.98 |
| Idaho | 110.63 |
| Florida | 100.98 |
| Oklahoma | 88.55 |
| Wyoming | 85.70 |
| Montana | 80.55 |
| Indiana | 80.39 |
| Arizona | 79.84 |
| North Dakota | 77.07 |
| Kansas | 74.91 |

race, mail trains were bearing into Indianapolis tens of thousands of membership cards from almost a score of other departments whose hopes of winning the Lindsley Trophy were every bit as strong as West Virginia's. In the last few days before the final hour, it is estimated that more than 66,000 cards arrived in the Indianapolis mails.

And until all the cards were counted, no one knew whether West Virginia had won, whether Florida had repeated its customary Lindsley cup victory or whether Idaho, Wyoming, Oklahoma or some other department, of the many which had been working mightily to pile up new members in the month of February, would win the prize. The finish of the Lindsley cup race was every bit as close and every bit as exciting as the advance indications promised.

And put it down that Idaho, Oklahoma, Montana, Wyoming and Florida came so close to winning the cup that West Virginia only won by the time-honored eye-lash. Had mail service been a bit quicker, had certain other factors been different, there might have been another story to tell. Practically all the departments actively competing for the Lindsley Trophy held back big reserves of membership cards to throw into National Headquarters in the last hours of the contest. Not all of them arrived in time to be counted.

But West Virginia's victory stands out as the well-deserved reward for as inspiring an example of Legion teamwork as the organization has ever known. When the Department Com-

(Continued on page 16)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Giving Until it Hurts

SOMEONE once defined a patriot as a man who delivers Fourth of July speeches telling you how to do his duty. "England will fight to the last drop of Australian blood," the Aussies used to remark ironically in 1918, and the same sentiment, with variations according to the nationality of the man who gave them utterance, was heard quite freely in all the armies on the Western Front. The man doing the heavy work with the rifle has always found a degree of compensation in the humor he derived from the reflection that he was doing somebody else's duty as well as his own. So has the man who does the heavy work with the check book.

One man in twenty-five, on the average, paid income tax to the Federal Government in 1925.

The man who paid income tax in 1925 paid an average of \$95.

For general tax purposes the average assessed valuation per capita is \$1,200, and in general taxes there is paid annually for every man, woman and child in the country the sum of \$80.

In addition to the sum paid annually for general tax purposes, \$58 for every man, woman and child is paid to Uncle Sam annually in direct and indirect taxes.

In the prosaic and burdensome peace-time task of supporting Federal, State and municipal governments, the man who has, when he pays up for the most of us who have not, finds about the same degree of satisfaction as the soldier at the front finds in the reflection that he is doing the rifle work for a sizable quota of able-bodied but discreet citizenry back home. That is one reason why tax reduction is more popular than debt reduction.

A Chance for the Unpromising

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY has decided to limit its Freshman class each year to 600 men and to hand pick them after studying the preparatory school record of each applicant and giving him a psychological test.

This is the outgrowth of a tendency which may affect the educational traditions of the United States. For what Princeton has decided to do, other colleges and universities, particularly those which are privately endowed, will also do by varying methods. Every father who wants his son to have an educational opportunity equal to or better than his own will want to consider the effects of the new system.

Undeniably the standards of colleges and universities have been very elastic. Just as in the public schools we have given every child, regardless of position in the social scale, a chance to share in the advantages of education whether or not he showed unusual capacity for mental development, so have we in our colleges and universities endeavored so far as possible to keep open the gateway of educational opportunity. We have looked alike tolerantly upon the ungifted plodder and the care-free idler, absorbing just enough knowledge to enable him to obtain passing grades. We have held to the theory that even the most unlikely and unpromising students have benefited to some measurable degree by their attendance of classes and sharing of the social life about them.

The fact that Princeton has decided to weed out of its huge lists of applicants all but the psychologically-approved

should not be accepted as proof that our old idea is wrong. It would be a calamity if all the colleges and universities of the country should slam their doors upon the apparently ungifted who rap at them. And happily there is no danger that they will do this.

Princeton's problem is its own. It has every right to undertake its experiment unchallenged. Its new system may be the best one that could be devised to solve the problem of making the selection of a comparatively small number of men from the large number seeking enrollment. But while we are watching the Princeton experiment, we may also hopefully watch the development of the state universities. They are all doing a wonderful work, adapting themselves for new needs. Once handicapped and struggling, they now flourish. With public approval they have found the means to give to their vast student bodies all that educational advancement has to offer.

Colleges and universities which do not systematically discourage attendance by those it considers unpromising will continue to produce those surprising instances of individual transformation with which everyone is familiar. Personality and capacity are not mathematical factors, and many a gawky, uncouth, ridiculed Freshman, the product of an unfavorable environment or the scarred victim of circumstances, becomes the star of his graduating class and its outstanding success in after life.

On the Brink of an Abyss

THE always interesting Mr. T. S. Sullivant, whose fantastic drawings have furnished sweetness and light through American humorous publications for something like a quarter of a century, scores a bull's-eye in a recent issue of *Life* with a cartoon showing a scene from the eolithic age, or earlier. In the foreground a man is seated working on a contraption whose chief feature is a skin stretched taut between sticks. In the background a couple of men viewing the work, one of them saying, "He calls it a shield and says no flint can pierce it. It practically abolishes war."

How characteristically human! Probably long before these children of the early stone age dallied with the problem of attack and defense men were arguing about a weapon against which there was no remedy under the sun. Then a defense was found, after which there was another monstrous weapon. The long bow at Crécy, the Merrimac triumphant until it met the Monitor, "that little cheese-box on a raft," the submarine's torpedo—these in turn gave the attacking force the edge, but not for long. Those skeptical about a defense against submarines should remember that no one nation is legatee of the body of knowledge about undersea craft built up during and since the war. At the present time one submarine is the antidote for another submarine. The depth bomb, highly touted during the war, can't take the measure of the submarine—yet. But some day, and as things go in this up-and-coming world not so many years from now, a curb will be found.

Then a new and horribly frightful means of dealing death will affright the sons of men. It too will pass away. Mr. Sullivant's picture is a reminder of these periodic horrors that are always met and conquered.

❖ ❖ ❖

The rank and file of voters often seem mostly rank to the unsuccessful candidate.

❖ ❖ ❖

If the pie is cut into four wedges it's a restaurant and if the napkin is less than six inches square it's a tearoom.

❖ ❖ ❖

Pity the poor actor. He's about the only person in the world whose wife's relatives can see just how he does every bit of his work.

Write Your Own Pass to Paris

By HARRY J. QUIGLEY

BACK in 1917 and 1918, getting to Paris was largely a matter of luck. You waited and waited and there came a day, perhaps, when the top sergeant got the right sort of a letter from home and expanded joyously, when the skipper, too, was going around camp with a smile and that lighter-than-air stride of his which tent and barracks oracles interpreted as the infallible sign of a "yes" day. Then, if you happened to have been born under the proper sign of the zodiac, you got your pass to Paris.

Otis S. Page and Linwood Pierce went to Paris in 1918 on passes signed by their company commander, but they are going back in 1927 on a pass book of the First National Bank of Damariscotta, Maine. For Mr. Page and Mr. Pierce are among those foresighted and lucky Legionnaires who realized early that the best way to be sure of getting to Paris for the Legion's 1927 national convention was to start a special bank account. In June, 1925, they opened a joint account—payable to either or the survivor. Each of them has been paying in \$2 each week, and occasionally a larger amount. The deposits had grown to \$162 by the end of January. Mr. Page is Commander of R. R. Wells Post of Damariscotta and Mr. Pierce is a past commander of the post.

The France Convention Travel Committee announces that 350 banks already have established France Convention Savings Clubs under the Legion's national plan. It expects more than 1,000 banks will conduct the savings clubs. A single bank, in Albany, New York, is receiving weekly deposits from more than 200 Legionnaires who are saving for the France convention pilgrimage.

Many posts have adopted the idea of establishing a France Convention fund to be used for paying the expenses of one or more members to the Paris convention. In Cherryvale, Kansas, for example, Paul Oakleaf Post is receiving contributions of twenty-five cents a week from each of thirty members. At the end of the seventy-eight weeks, it is estimated, the total of the fund will be more than \$500. The national committee advises anyone wishing to make the trip to save at least \$300.



No. 2967

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, In account with
DAMARISCOTTA, MAINE

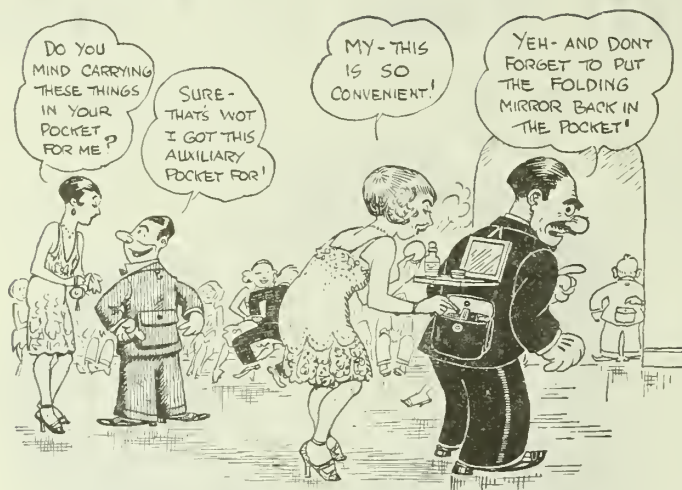
O. S. Page & L. W. Pierce
Payable to either or survivor

| DATE | Deposits | Interest | Payments | Balance | DATE | Deposits | Interest | Payments | Balance |
|---------|----------|----------|----------|---------|---------|----------|----------|----------|---------|
| June 19 | 4.00 | | | 4.00 | Oct. 26 | 4.00 | | | 80.00 |
| 23 | 4.00 | | | 8.00 | 27 | 1.00 | | | 81.00 |
| 29 | 4.00 | | | 12.00 | Nov. 2 | 20.00 | | | 101.00 |
| July 6 | 4.00 | | | 16.00 | 9 | 4.00 | | | 105.00 |
| 13 | 4.00 | | | 20.00 | 16 | 4.00 | | | 109.00 |
| 20 | 4.00 | | | 24.00 | 23 | 4.00 | | | 113.00 |
| 28 | 4.00 | | | 28.00 | 30 | 6.00 | | | 119.00 |
| Aug 3 | 4.00 | | | 32.00 | Dec 7 | 4.00 | | | 123.00 |
| 10 | 4.00 | | | 36.00 | 14 | 1.00 | | | 124.00 |
| 17 | 4.00 | | | 40.00 | 21 | 4.00 | | | 128.00 |
| 25 | 4.00 | | | 44.00 | 30 | 4.00 | | | 132.00 |
| 31 | 4.00 | | | 48.00 | Jan 1 | | 1.24 | | 132.24 |
| Sept 8 | 4.00 | | | 52.00 | 13 | 10.00 | | | 152.24 |
| 14 | 4.00 | | | 56.00 | 25 | 10.00 | | | 162.24 |
| 21 | 4.00 | | | 60.00 | | | | | |
| 28 | 4.00 | | | 64.00 | | | | | |
| Oct 5 | 4.00 | | | 68.00 | | | | | |
| 12 | 4.00 | | | 72.00 | | | | | |
| 19 | 4.00 | | | 76.00 | | | | | |

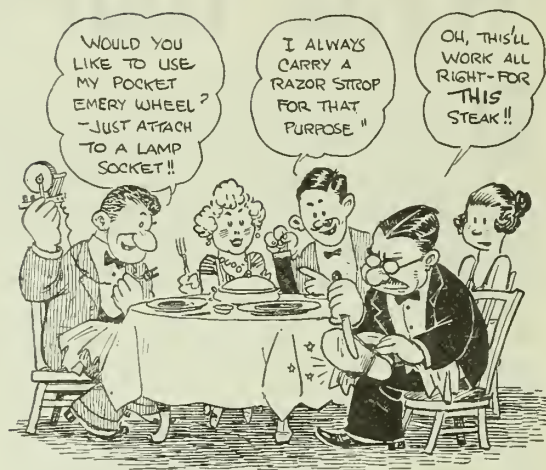
Otis Page and Linwood Pierce started to write their own pass to Paris on June 19, 1925. They plunked four dollars upon the marble slab of the receiving teller's window in the First National Bank of their home town, Damariscotta, Maine, and got the bank book shown at the left. Ever since that day they have been putting four or more dollars a week in the bank. The account in their France Convention Savings Club had grown to \$162.24 at the end of January. Will they get to Paris? The bank book says they will. So does the photograph above.

Helpful Hints

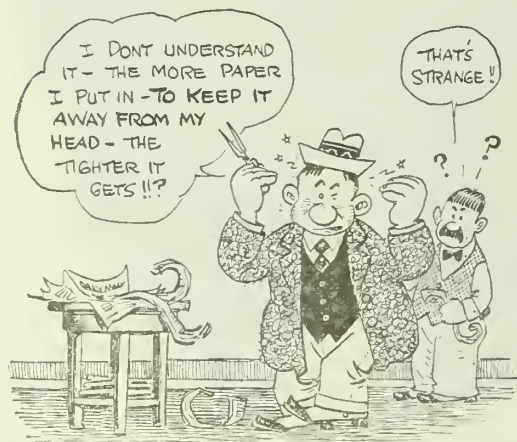
By Wallgren



LATEST DEVICE TO PREVENT LOSS AND CONFUSION AT DANCES, PARTIES, ETC. - LADIES' VANITY POCKET IN REAR OF GENTLEMEN'S COATS - TO ACCOMMODATE FEMALE PARTNERS' COSMETICS, ETC. - A SMALL MIRROR, WITH FOLDING BACK MAY ALSO BE CARRIED AND HOOKED TO COLLAR TO SERVE AS EMERGENCY DRESSING TABLE.



ETIQUETTE - NEVER SHARPEN YOUR KNIFE ON THE SOLE OF YOUR SHOE WHEN DINING OUT, NO MATTER HOW TOUGH THE STEAK IS - THIS IS ONE OF THE FAUXEST OF PASSES - A SMALL GRINDSTONE SHOULD BE CARRIED TO SERVE IN SUCH EMERGENCIES



IF YOUR HAT IS TOO TIGHT- NEVER STUFF THE LINING OF YOUR HATBAND WITH PAPER TO KEEP IT AWAY FROM YOUR HEAD - PADDING IT WILL ONLY MAKE THE HAT TIGHTER- NO MATTER HOW LOGICAL THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING SOUNDS.



NOVEL NUT CRACKER - THE HOST, WEARING HIS OLD ARMY HELMET, PARADES AROUND THE TABLE, FROM GUEST TO GUEST, ALLOWING EACH TO CRACK THEIR NUTS ON HIS HAT - EACH GUEST HAVING PREVIOUSLY BEEN FURNISHED WITH A HAMMER - THE LARGER THE HAMMER (OR SLEDGE), THE MORE THE ENJOYMENT TO BE HAD - BY THE GUESTS.



① - PRACTICAL AND ECONOMICAL - EDIBLE ROLLED-WHEAT NAPKIN - COMPOSED OF WOVEN OR PRESSED SHREDDED CEREALS. - THE NAPKIN IS WORN IN THE CUSTOMARY MANNER - TUCKED IN AT THE NECK - SO THAT THE NAPKIN WILL ACCUMULATE ALL THE SPILLED DRIPPINGS, GRAY, ETC. WHICH ORDINARILY SOIL THE HANDSOMEST OF GUEST NAPKINS AT ONE SITTING



② - THEN - AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE REPAST - THE NAPKIN IS REMOVED AND USED TO MOP UP ALL REMAINING TRACES OF GRAY, ETC. FROM THE PLATE - AND AFTER BEING DRESSED WITH CONDIMENTS, TO SUIT TASTE IS EATEN AS A SALAD - THUS ENTIRELY DISPENSING WITH THE HATED DISHWASHING, LAUNDRY - AND APPROPRIATE SALAD FORKS.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

Just as it was in the trenches; the same citizen spirit that sent men to the trenches. Not *The Stars and Stripes* in '18. but *The Sentinel* of the New Rochelle (N. Y.) Post in '26 tells the story fresh from the front of today. No uniform, no rifle, no trench knife, no bomb, no tin hat, no gas mask, but just man-to-man stuff.

Dave Brown Knew How

Dave Brown, of New Rochelle Post, entered his office to see a fellow clerk hands up before a bandit. Dave did not forget the "to maintain law and order" of the Legion Constitution. He leaped upon the bandit; he was wounded in the jaw, leg and abdomen in the struggle. The bandit broke free. Bleeding Dave pursued, overtook and grappled with him again and held him until police aid came. Dave is recovering in hospital; the bandit is in jail.

No war medal for Dave. Why not? Are our authorities making enough use of Legionnaires, who know how, in their war on crime?

A Northerner who has settled there tells me that the South is being northernized by the great development now under way. It seems to me that he

Learning From One Another

gave signs of being southernized, and further Americanized. Communication and the spreading web of common interest are northernizing, southernizing, easternizing and westernizing us. This process of learning from one another and about one another had its school-room in the service in 1917-'18. The Legion is the medium to keep the unity glowing and growing. The larger the family, the better.

My objection to adding another name after an "and" to that of Washington and Lincoln has brought protests that I was hitting at Wilson and also that I was hitting at Roosevelt. At neither, at no one. Republican

Neither Roosevelt Nor Wilson

orators made it Washington, Lincoln and Garfield; then "and McKinley"; then "and Roosevelt"; and now we may hear "and Coolidge." Democratic orators used to make it Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; then Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Cleveland; then "and Wilson." We must have more of the perspective of time, we must have unity on that third great name before we add it to the immortal historical permanency of the other two and make another national holiday of a birthday.

There is a story—you will enjoy it better if you believe it—of a restaurant in the old Bowery days which had stationary soup bowls sunk in the table. The waiter brought the soup in a syringe.

Elmer Had It Down

"Give me the money or I draw it back," he said. "If you have it down and can't pay, you win, and we lose."

So, with Elmer Williams of Oregon. The Oregon Supreme Court reversed the decision in his case. A friend gave him a drink of bootleg liquor out of a bottle. He was charged with breaking the State Prohibition Act. The Supreme Court decided that, as he had the drink down,

he was not in "illegal possession" of it. The law is a hair splitting business; and the only moral I can see is that Elmer was one of those sticklers for the letter of the law without regard to its spirit which is a common failing of the time. And that applies to bigger cases than Elmer's.

Recently I had a good talk, a kind of post meeting for two, with John R. McQuigg. It was easy to see what kind

What Kind Is McQuigg?

of man he was all the way from youth through the Spanish War and the Argonne to the present. You do not have to grope through a fog to understand him. No shoddy, no frills, all wool, yard wide. Whatever his job he has always been hard at it. He is hard at his present job. He liked that church incident. The clergyman of the church which he went to one Sunday morning in the course of his travels recognized him and asked him to say a few words about his work. You may be sure that he spoke a straight man-to-man message, good man-to-man religion.

This is a "Down East" saying. It teaches that if you wait a while most worries, irritations and emergencies will take care of themselves. In order

"Waitin' 'em Out"

to strike a balance, I set against it another saying, "Git up and git." If you wait too long you will miss the train. You will also miss it if you rush blindly across the street and get run over by an automobile. Between deliberation and precipitancy is judgment; and judgment, when formed, requires prompt action.

H. R. G. of Wyoming wants to know if the *Congressional Record* reports all said in both houses? No. Do not the members revise their spoken speeches as they want them printed?

Only One Explanation

Yes. Aren't long speeches which have been introduced by only a few words on the floor also printed? Yes, that is the great service of the *Record*. It enables each member, when his fellow members have not the time to listen to him, to tell how he won the war in Washington, and to print it for home circulation. It is a case of "You print yours and I print mine and then we will not have to listen to each other." Do members read all the *Record* every day? Rarely does one qualify for such an endurance test. The *Record* is an institution, a habit, an accommodation. You might as well ask veterans to give up war reminiscences as to ask Congress to give it up.

We want claws in our immigration act; claws that will reach the hosts of immigrants being bootlegged into the country. It must be enforced.

Make It Strict But Human

fully and fairly; but it must be made just and human. Unless it is just and human we appear in a false light to those foreigners whom we would make American. It is inhuman that a husband in America, who is trying to prepare himself to be a good citizen, and can prove that he is, should not have his wife join him because she cannot get into the quota. It is against the home, where all good citizenship begins.

Men! Here's a Contract

I GUARANTEE
To Give You New Hair in
30 Days or My Treatment
Won't Cost You One Cent

Alois Merke
Founder of Merke Institute.

New Hair In 30 Days —Or No Cost!



**Don't Fear Baldness! I'll Grow
New Hair For You In 30 Days—Or
The Trial Costs You Nothing.**

By Alois Merke

That's the story! And no strings attached! Maybe your hair is falling out rapidly. Maybe it is nearly gone. Yet I guarantee my new scientific system will give you a new head of hair in 30 days, or no cost to you.

I've found that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead but dormant—asleep. Oils, scalp massages, and ordinary tonics failed because they treated only the surface skin. You don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree to make it grow; you get down to the roots. And that's exactly what my system does! It goes beneath the surface, bringing nourishment direct to those dormant roots, which soon grow healthy hair again. In every home where there is electricity—in YOUR home—without the least discomfort, this remarkable result is possible, or no cost to you.

Here's Your Contract

I've treated thousands at the Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York, many paying as much as \$500 for results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now you may secure the same results in your own home for just a few cents a day. Many people are bald, yet very few of these cases are hopeless. That's why I offer you this contract—if within 30 days you are not completely satisfied, say so. And your money is instantly and gladly refunded.

Send For Booklet

Let me send you a wonderfully interesting free booklet describing my simple effective treatment. Just mail coupon. You want hair a month from now; send that coupon TODAY. Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 223, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

**ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTE, Inc., Dept. 223,
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

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(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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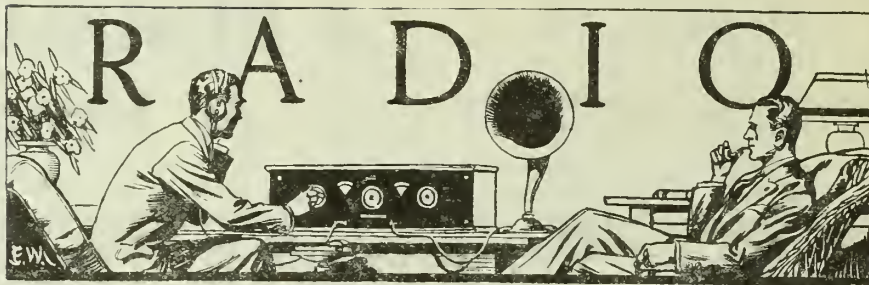
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Postmaster | <input type="checkbox"/> Special Agent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> P. O. Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> (Investigator) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Watchman | <input type="checkbox"/> Forest Ranger |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> Steno-Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Seamstress | <input type="checkbox"/> U. S. Border Patrol |
| <input type="checkbox"/> File Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> City Mail Carrier |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RFD Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Auditor-Bookkeeper |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gen. Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Skilled Labor |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Matron | <input type="checkbox"/> Immigrant Inspector |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chauffeur | <input type="checkbox"/> Meat Inspector |

Mr. Ozment, Dept. 110
St. Louis, Mo.

Send me particulars about the positions marked with an "X"—salaries, location, opportunities.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



THIS department in the February 12th issue carried a brief item regarding the great success of the "On to Paris" radio program broadcast by the Legion and Auxiliary Departments of Minnesota from Gold Medal Station WCCO on January 22d. We suggested, in view of the fact that this one report of the program's success came from Past Department Commander Ludwig I. Roe of Montevideo, Minnesota, that his statement might have been a bit prejudiced. Now we hasten to make apology to Comrade Roe and to the Legion and Auxiliary of Minnesota, since more information has been received from E. H. Gammons, publicity director for the Gold Medal Station.

Mr. Gammons states that the Legion and Auxiliary program brought his station more publicity, both in advance and after it was broadcast, than any other one event. Letters and telegrams were received from all parts of the United States and Canada. Moose Jaw in Saskatchewan, Oklahoma, Georgia, New York, California, the Northwest and Ohio were among the various sections heard from. "The program seems to have made a hit everywhere and I believe you have made a lot of friends for the Legion and for the Gold Medal Station," Mr. Gammons added in his report to the Gopher Legionnaires. The hundreds of responses received from every corner of the country confirmed his opinion.

Official Legion department and post programs are on the air almost nightly and without question similar favorable comments are being received by the organizations broadcasting. The Radio Editor would like to have reports of the success of these numerous Legion excursions into the air.

THE attention of Legion posts located near veterans' hospitals is again called to the set of regulations governing the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly which appeared in the December 4th issue of the Weekly. Through the Fund, posts are given a splendid opportunity to accomplish some worthwhile work for hospitalized veterans with the expenditure of no more than time and effort by their members.

CHAIRMAN L. W. HAMM of the Radio Committee of Gilbert C. Grafton Post of Fargo, North Dakota, offers a new membership stunt for use over the radio. Recently his post, together with its Auxiliary unit, broadcast a program from Station WDAY and announced that the members or prospective members of the Legion or Auxiliary who forwarded their dues to the broadcasting station would be entered in a prize drawing. A radio receiving set, donated by two members

of the post, was given as first prize, and three additional prizes were awarded by the post and three by the Auxiliary. This suggestion warrants the consideration of Legion posts or Auxiliary units who are planning to broadcast radio programs.

WHEN the 40 and 8 of Wyoming broadcast a radio program on February 26th from Top of the World Station KFBU, Laramie, as its contribution to the department membership campaign, it had the honor of having the first woman Governor in this country, Nellie Tayloe Ross, as its announcer. Bugle calls sounded by Corporal Henry L. Smith of Fort D. A. Russell at Cheyenne opened the program. Governor Ross, in addition to her offered services as announcer, addressed the unseen audience voicing her belief in the Legion and urging all veterans of the World War to join. Among the other speakers who were heard at intervals during the program of music were Past Department Commander Harry B. Henderson, Jr., C. V. Garnet, department vice-commander, and Mrs. C. W. Jeffrey, department president of The American Legion Auxiliary. Legionnaire J. H. Perberdy read a message from National Commander John R. McQuigg, who because of other Legion engagements was unable to be present in person.

ON THE AIR

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this department. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

EREN N. GIRON POST, Nelson, Nebraska, will broadcast Legion program from Station KFEQ (268 meters), Oak, Neb., March 19 from 2 to 3 p. m., and 8:30 to 10:30 p. m., Central Time.

BOSTON CHAPTER, Military Order of the World War, will broadcast a band and organ concert from Shephard Stores Station WNAC (280.2 meters), for disabled veterans in New England hospitals, March 21, from 3 to 5 p. m., Eastern Time. Belmont-Waverly Legion Post and Y. D. bands will be heard.

FORT WAYNE (Indiana) POST will broadcast a Legion program from Station WOWO (227 meters), Fort Wayne, March 24 at 8:15 p. m., Central Time.

Following Legion programs will be broadcast at 2 p. m., Central Time, on dates shown from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters), Chicago, Illinois: Stock Yards Post, March 19; American Legion Auxiliary, March 22; Ad Men's Post, March 23; LeRoy McCullough Post, March 24; James G. Brophy Post, March 25; Forges Post, March 26.

CAPTAIN BELVIDERE BROOKS POST, New York City, is on the air every Monday night from Station WFBH (272.6 meters), at 6 o'clock Eastern Time.

ROBERT E. BENTLEY POST, Cincinnati, Ohio, broadcasts a program every Monday night from 9 to 10 p. m., Central Time, from Station WKRC (422 meters).

CASTLE WILLIAMS POST, Decatur, Illinois, broadcasts a program on the last Monday of each month from William Gushard Department Store Station WJBL (270 meters), from 9:30 to 11 p. m., Central Time.



CHILD welfare work, in which the interest and sympathy of women are particularly effective, is not confined entirely to American Legion Auxiliary units in the United States. Although work with the children or orphans of American service men is necessarily restricted in France, The American Legion Auxiliary unit of Paris (France) Post has found an equally important outlet for its work in this field. France has been facing the problem of an ever-decreasing birth rate since the World War. Infant mortality, due largely to old-fashioned customs and prejudices, and attaining an average of eighty thousand babies a year, adds to the difficulty.

To combat this unnecessary waste of life, Paris Post's Auxiliary unit has sponsored a film entitled "La Future Maman," or "The Mother of Tomorrow," prepared under the direction of Dr. Louis Devraigne, chief physician of the maternity service of the Lariboisière Hospital in Paris. The film is a visual object lesson in the care of children, amusing as well as instructive, the story following the battle between modern sanitary methods and the superstitions and traditions of ancient customs. Under the auspices of the Paris Auxiliary unit, the film is being shown in various sections of Paris and in the surrounding country.

This is but one of the varied activities of the unit in Paris. Organized in 1920, the unit has continuously co-operated with Paris Post in all welfare work connected with veterans who were demobilized and married in France, in the observance of Memorial Day and other national holidays, and other Legion activities. When the overseas "Stars and Stripes," the official newspaper of the A. E. F., suspended activities in June, 1919, its French war orphans' fund was transferred to the administration of the American Red Cross in France. When, in turn, the latter organization discontinued its activities in France, the fund was handed over to the Auxiliary unit of Paris Post and the administering of this fund is another of the chief activities of the unit.

THE Hastings Girls Cadet Corps of Hastings, Nebraska, remembered favorably by Legionnaires who attended the last three national conventions, at San Francisco, St. Paul and Omaha, announces that it is making its plans to attend the 1926 national convention in Philadelphia and the 1927 convention in Paris. The Hastings corps has issued a statement expressing the hope that before the Philadelphia convention a definite policy and fixed rules governing the girls drill

teams contest will be formulated by the committee having charge of the contest so that the confusion which has attended prize awards at the last two conventions may be avoided.

The Hastings statement recalls that the Hastings corps attended the St. Paul convention with the understanding that first prize would be the Bellevue Loving Cup and \$1,000 in cash, and that after being awarded first place in the contest it received the silver cup and \$250 in cash, the sum which had been designated for second prize. The statement also says that the Hastings corps earned sufficient funds to pay all its St. Paul expenses by giving exhibition drills, but found itself confronted with a deficit covering the cost of uniforms and other equipment, when it failed to receive the full \$1,000 cash award at St. Paul.

The Hastings corps gave only an exhibition drill at the Omaha convention after learning that the rules required that all the members of the competing teams must be members of the Auxiliary. In its statement, the corps says it never has declined to surrender the Bellevue Cup, although considering the circumstances of the St. Paul award and pending an adjustment of the differences resulting from the award, the corps believes it is entitled to retain possession of the cup.

Two instances of the real "first ladies of the land" taking an active interest in the work of the Auxiliary are on record at National Headquarters of The American Legion Auxiliary. Charters have recently been issued to two Auxiliary units composed entirely of Indian women, one of them being attached to Barney Brough Post of Bullhead, South Dakota, and the other to Martin Yellowfoot Post of Kenel, South Dakota. In the latter unit, three relatives of the deceased comrade for whom the post was named, are charter members.

THE first 1926 national effort of the Americanism Committee of the Auxiliary will be support and observance of Better Homes Week, which is scheduled for April 25th to May 1st, according to the program outlined by Mrs. Eugene Fenelon of North Dakota, chairman. Units will hold community meetings in which the care and protection of the home and home activities will be discussed. On the last day of Better Homes Week, Child Health Day will be observed in connection with the Auxiliary's Child Welfare program. Active participation is planned also in National Music Week, when open air concerts, including community and group singing will be sponsored, Mother's Day and Arbor Day.



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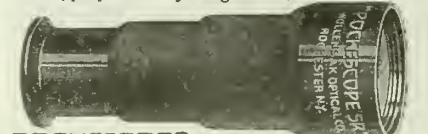


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And am able to average over \$100 PER WEEK. Could do more only I do not put in much over half time. Personally I think it is the easiest sold article I ever handled as it has merit and is a necessity," says L. B. Graham, Illinois. A. H. Rohey of W. Va. made over \$500 in one month, Frank DePries has been with us six years—averages over \$150 a week. Hundreds of our men making \$50, \$75, \$100 a week. We need more men to fill unoccupied territory. Hundreds of prospects make selling easy—garages, schools, stores, factories, shops, farms, homes, auto and truck owners, hospitals. Single sales bring big commissions. Largest concern of kind in world. Write quick about this position.

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Sir: Rush to me, without charge (1) specimen Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions and free coaching lessons; (2) list of Government jobs now obtainable; (3) full information regarding Preference to Ex-Service Men.

Blackmail

(Continued from page 6)

dow. At the same time the door behind him opened. The curtain fell into place. He slid to the ground and yanked at the line of his boat. The letter was safe in his pocket. A letter written on official paper of the Chamber of Deputies.

"By the crutches of Lourdes!" he heard Jouquard exclaim.

Dean cast off the boat hurriedly. The Frenchman lifted the curtain once; drew shut the window with a bang. Dean rowed hard for the north shore. The moon looked down casually with too much color on her face. Out in the driveway of the Château of the Swords an automobile hummed.

"Got it!" Dean was telling himself exultantly. "Got it! At last! Beat you again, Dan Lark!"

Twice and a third time he looked over his shoulder at the guiding light in Vizelle's chatelet. He must land a quarter mile down the river where Lacarte was waiting. He felt safer when he reached midstream. At exactly eleven o'clock he pulled ashore on the north bank.

"I have it!" he told Lacarte breathlessly. "Here! Take it! It's your damnable deputy, not mine!"

"The saints fought for us!"

"They are not saints who fight against us!" Dean countered grimly. "What now?"

"The train stops at one o'clock. We go to Paris. In the meantime, it is only six kilos to Tours. No chance to telegraph from here. Go back to Vizelle and ask him for his bicycle. Ride to Tours, send a message to General Noyale. Say 'All is well'. He can interpret. I shall walk to the station here. Hustle!"

* * * * *

The station of Marchmont lies at the end of a lonely lane, a full kilometer below the town. Its single oil lamp burned sleepily when Dean pedaled back from Tours. The lane was very dark, obscure in the shadows of tall, trimmed poplars that edged both sides of the way. Forty paces from the station platform Dean stopped headlong and leaped off his bicycle. A darker blot spread midway in the road. A man.

Dean ran forward. A chunky individual sprawled on his face. Dean turned him over. Lacarte!

Lacarte with his pockets inside out and a bleeding hole in his head.

"Inspector!" Dean shook him. "Are you dead?"

Lacarte groaned. "Speak, Inspector! In heaven's name! Who? When?"

He lifted the broad, bulky figure to his shoulder and hurried toward the station. His howling awakened the chef de gare at last. In the ticket office, that was no larger than a cart-ridge box, he propped Lacarte on a bench and demanded water, clean linen and brandy. The inspector breathed more normally when he opened his eyes.

"They got it!" he whispered. "Lark . . . three others. None of them Jouquard. In an automobile. You had been gone an hour . . ."

"Automobile?"

"Over the Tours bridge . . . thought I was you . . . would have ripped you to pieces, Dean . . . only gave me one clout. I fought . . ."

"Of course you fought, Inspector! Go back to Vizelle's . . ."

"And you?"

"I cross the river."

"Alone? Now?"

"Alone and now!"

* * * * *

The moon hung directly overhead. Dean heard the one o'clock train whoop into Marchmont while his boat was still far out in the Loire. He rowed upstream now. It would be safer to approach the castle under the shadows of the bank.

Willows grew thick upon the south shore. They brushed Dean's face, plucked at his cap. He drew in the oars and poled along in the shallow water. The old moat that surrounded the castle on the landward side joined the river at both its ends, making a walled island of the Château of the Swords. Dean approached from the rear. Could he get into the moat, perhaps there was one chance in a million . . .

A chance for what?

Hanged if he knew what. Lark and Jouquard would not be caught asleep twice in three hours. Or did they reason that he would not make two attempts under the same moon? But they would be watchful. Incaution played no part in the extraordinary affairs of Dan Lark.

Dean pushed into the widened mouth of the moat. Gaunt battlements hung menacingly above him, but the walls in this wing of the castle had few windows, and those deep and small. He paddled across, under the very edge of the parapet. He drew in his single oar and pulled the boat along by his fingers, by gripping projections in the rock.

The moat ran straight for a hundred meters and turned abruptly to the right. This second stretch of water was short . . . scarce forty meters long. The next turn would bring him out into view of the drawbridge. Dean crouched motionlessly as the boat swung gently on the curve.

The bridge cast a chunky shadow upon the water just ahead. A lantern burned at the inner end, close to the main gate. Of watchmen or guards there was no sign.

A trap, no doubt.

Dean pulled the boat ahead. He drifted under the bridge itself and still no show of defense. Narrow stone steps, scarce wide enough for a man's toes, ran up from the water at the right of the bridge. There was an iron ring at the bottom.

Dean drew his boat close, made it fast to the ring, and slipped off his shoes. Silently he emerged into the moonlight. He held his automatic in his right hand, to his left wrist was strapped Lacarte's knotted leather club.

One second he halted on the parapet, then dodged into the shadow of the stones. A man coughed, just beyond the gate. Dean crept forward noiselessly. The guard had sat half asleep

in a niche in the wall. He arose, yawning, and with his mouth wide open, perceived Dean's figure not three arm lengths off.

It was the same doorman who had given Dean entrance that afternoon. He saw the Frenchman's hand snatch at his belt, saw his mouth stretch wider than it had been with the yawn. And the pair were upon each other.

Dean's left hand swung first. The leather club slapped rudely on the watchman's bare head. There was a puff of breath, a smothered "Mon Dieu!" and the guard tumbled forward. It was such a blow that stuns but does not kill. French police had great regard for it. Guns are too noisy.

"One!" Dean counted. "Now how many more?"

He dragged the servant by his collar into the deeper shadow and there rummaged in the other's pockets. A revolver he took and thrust into his own.

The single lantern burned clearly above him. By its light he made out the main door of the castle. It stood ajar. At one o'clock in the morning? Surely *this* was a trap! Lamps still burned inside. Dean held his breath, instinctively listening.

Voices had lifted in the castle. Quarrelling. Jouquard . . . and another. What other? Lark? Dean pushed his automatic before him into the door. The main hall stood empty. To the left the narrow, groined corridor led to Jouquard's office.

A curtain barred the opposite end. Candles in a sconce lighted the way. A man moved, just inside the curtain; the butler, Dean saw the next moment, and again he heard Jouquard's voice, bellowing.

"Not a cent, I tell you! Savage! You sell it and steal it in the same breath and then run back for more money? I'll order the bank not to honor that check, Monsieur American! I'll have no more of it!"

Dan Lark laughed, but not very boldly.

"I tell you it was the police!" he explained. "I didn't steal it!"

"You took it when you left. You're a thief. You admitted it right here . . ."

"I rescued it out of a policeman's pocket, not an hour ago." Lark's voice again became soft and coaxing. "I think that some small reward . . . not for myself but for my helpers . . . for getting it back to you would be in order. If not, I'll take it home with me."

"You'll take nothing home!"

Dean, in his stocking feet, had run half the length of the corridor. He saw the bent back of the butler just ahead, listening uneasily. Then a scuffle.

"Let go! I bought it and paid for it!" It was Jouquard.

The butler leaped past the curtain. Dean sped at his heels. But he was too slow.

"Get out!" Lark howled.

A revolver crashed its echoes through the castle. One shot, two . . .

"Drop it, or by Heaven I'll give you the same!" Lark commanded Jouquard. His voice was cold.

Dean plunged through the doorway. In the smoke that enveloped the room his eyes made out Lark and Jouquard, twisting savagely in each other's



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er's arms. The hands of each gripped the weapon. The butler lay upon his back, one arm flung out, twitching.

And on the floor, midway between the servant and the tramping feet of Jouquard and Lark lay the letter.

Angel's letter! That had made lunatics of the Paris police!

Dean swooped down, revolver at ready, clawed at the paper with the fingers of his left hand, crumpled it, rammed it into his mouth, and sprang forward. He jabbed his automatic into Lark's half-turned face.

"Let go!" he commanded.

Lark whirled on him in fury, releasing his hold on his own gun.

"You again! You're persistent!" he screamed.

Dean's revolver exploded uselessly at the ceiling. He took a wrong step backward. His stockinged feet tripped over the dying man on the floor. His head thumped, his gun spun through the air and dropped beyond his reach. He chewed hard.

Swallowed.

Jouquard threw his fat body against Lark's supple back.

"Stop it!" he was crying.

Frightened servants came stampeding along the corridor. Dean's head whirled dizzily from the blow of the table and the banging upon the floor. He was no match for Lark. His breath choked out of him. Then suddenly the weight released itself from his chest.

The room was full of men. Somewhere a woman was screaming. Glass shattered. He saw Lark yank back the curtain at the window. Jouquard, on his knees, scrambled for the other abandoned gun and lifted it shakily.

But Dan Lark, grinning defiantly, plunged out of the open window to the moonlit waters of the Loire.

Christopher Dean heaved up to his knees. His right hand was broken,

that was sure. He clawed across the butler, who lay quite still. Jouquard panted to the window. He fired twice.

"I believe I got him, the scoundrel!" the editor cried. "And who are you?" He turned ominously on Dean; but his eyes caught sight of the butler. "Charles is dead?" he stammered.

"Aye, monsieur," a servant on his knees answered.

Editor Jouquard ran his fat finger under the edge of his wilted collar. He looked bewilderedly a moment and then, remembering, glanced at the desk, at the floor, at Dean.

"Quick!" he screamed. "A letter . . . do you see it? Did the blackguard get away with a letter?"

Dean gave him no reply.

* * * * *

The day train for Paris left at ten. Christopher Dean, his arm in a sling, and Inspector Lacarte with a bandage around his head, climbed into a second class compartment.

"Thank Moses in heaven," the Inspector said wearily, "that we are started. And that Lark is dead."

"Dead?"

"He is not dead?" Inspector Lacarte started up amazedly. "Comrade, he is not dead?"

"Jouquard did not hit him! He thinks he did. But Dan Lark is an American, Inspector. He swam to my boat."

"But you have the letter!"

"I?" Christopher Dean grinned.

"No, Inspector. I have not the letter. I disobeyed orders. General Noyale said we must bring the letter to him. It is quite impossible. I took no chance. While Lark and Jouquard were scuffling, I got the letter . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"I ate it."

And because that indisputably ended the affair of Deputy Angel's letter, both men laughed.

West Virginia Wins

(Continued from page 7)

mander and Adjutant boarded a train for Indianapolis to deliver personally the entire lot of cards their department had accumulated in its bid for victory, they reflected the spirit gripping every post in West Virginia.

For West Virginia had been dreaming of the Lindsley cup and working for it since New Year's Day. On that day the department was regretting that it hadn't made an earlier start to get 1926 members. Its regret was due largely to the fact that it had just fought out with Florida, the winner of the Lindsley Trophy in the two preceding years, a membership battle that ended December 31st. In that battle Florida won by enrolling 5,234 members for 1926 to West Virginia's 3,034.

West Virginia adopted the policy of holding its fire. On February 12th it was still shown as marking time by membership charts at National Headquarters. But reports from the State told of post after post building up big enrollments. Anyone studying the charts might have guessed that West Virginia was doing just what it was doing—packing a last minute wallop for Florida and any other departments threatening to stand in the way of that trophy.

That wallop was delivered in person by Commander Yates and Adjutant Merrick. Over twenty-nine hundred cards delivered just in time for the final count. But the real heroes of the tail end of West Virginia's Lindsley cup campaign were not Mr. Yates and Mr. Merrick. Highest honors for exertion above and beyond the call of duty go to two other men of the department. And here is why:

Commander Yates and Adjutant Merrick and workers of a number of posts held a conference at Department Headquarters in Charleston on the night of February 27th. Counting up the cards on hand and estimating how many would be needed to win, everybody got buck fever. There might be enough, but to play safe several hundred more really were needed. It was almost midnight. Up spoke A. E. Haan, Commander of Huntington Post:

"Boys," he said, "I know it's late, but there's a lot of perfectly good Legion membership asleep back in Huntington. We've got to go back tonight, wake 'em up and sign 'em up."

That's exactly what they did. Mr. Haan and Henry Gravenkamper, adjutant of his post, left the conference, drove the fifty-five miles back to Hunt-

ington and spent the rest of the night getting out of bed the men needed to carry West Virginia certainly over the top. When Mr. Yates and Mr. Merrick arrived in Huntington in the morning on the way to Indianapolis, Mr. Haan met them at the train and handed them 202 additional cards.

Incidentally, Huntington Post had a membership of only 365 in 1925. Its 1926 enrollment, counting the 202 gained in the midnight-to-dawn campaign, was 945 at the end of February, and the post expects to make it 1,100 before the Philadelphia national convention.

The Lindsley Trophy race each year has been recognized as a contest in which departments of comparatively small membership have an advantage over the big departments. Despite this fact, many of the larger departments in the race just ended made exceptional showings.

Illinois, for example, had enrolled 31,759 members when the contest ended, more than 66 percent of its total 1925 enrollment of 47,455. Indiana, whose membership of 14,026 in 1925 was below its average for preceding years, made a decided come-back by signing up 11,275 members before March 1st, 80 percent of the total number it had in the preceding year. Pennsylvania, with 51,101 members in 1925, had 28,517 members for 1926 before March 1st, 55 percent of its former total.

Ohio, also, made a remarkable showing, enrolling 21,426 members before March 1st, 72 percent of the 29,674 members it had in 1925. Kansas, which ended in the Lindsley race among the ten leaders, signed up 11,925 members as compared with its total of 15,919 of the year before. Minnesota attained 62 percent of its membership of the preceding year, the comparative figures being 16,913 and 26,894.

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

83d Ord. Dep. Div., Le Mans, France, at the Spur—Members, particularly 2d lieut. in command during fall and winter of 1918.

305th Inf., 77th Div., Co. E—Buddies remembering John R. ELLING. He is disabled account of service, and needs supporting affidavits.

29th Eng.—Particularly, J. L. FITZGERALD, Pittsburgh, Pa., John P. LOTHERS, Perulack, Pa., Paul P. PRASSE, Cliffside, N. J., O. D. SMITH, Chas. L. WALDO, Elmer R. BUDKE, Edward N. BABINGTON, Chester ZORKO and William J. HAWLEY.

68th Coast Artillery—Wanted: Information concerning "Hooley" or "Hully" who treated George W. MILAM, at hospital at Ft. Terry, N. Y., between May and Sept. 1918.

Fifth Reg. U. S. Marine Corps—Comrades remembering James MCNELLY, who was killed in action June 17, 1918.

Motor Ambulance Co. 6, Camp Greenleaf, Ogleshorpe, Ga., and personnel of Hospital Ship Princess.

KURUCAR, Charles George, enlisted with Co. H, 357th Inf., 90th Div., San Antonio, Tex.; later transferred to M. G. Bn., same outfit. Age 30 at time of enlistment; weight about 235; dark complexion; brown hair; height about five feet eight inches; defective hearing. Reported killed, Oct. 25, 1918, Argonne. Notification received from the government, Dec. 18, 1918. Afterwards reported to family by member of outfit that he was not killed. All trace of him lost. If located communicate with George Kurucar, 1201 Stalla St., Ft. Worth, Tex., (father), or Mrs. Joseph Grunil (sister), Gen. Del., Globe, Arizona.

LILLEY, David, (colored), place of birth, Natchez, Miss. Inducted in service Sept. 26, 1918, Plaquemine, La. Assigned to Co. I, Detachment Camp, Camp Beauregard, La. Honorably discharged, Jan. 3, 1919. This man has never been heard from since discharge date. It is necessary to establish his whereabouts, if he is living, or record of his death, in order that assistance be given his aged mother.

LINDQUIST, Gilbert. Inquiry is being made for names and addresses of comrades to assist in securing evidence for this claim. While this man was in the Navy it appears that he had some action on the front between the dates of June 25 and July 28, 1918, with the Naval Operating and Ambulance Unit. During this time he was supposed to have been gassed, but no record of it is on his naval report. Lindquist is dead and the widow's claim remains unsettled.

LOPRESTI, Samuel. Enlisted April 1, 1919, some point in Montana; last address furnished his mother while in the service was Supply Co., 2d Pioneer Inf., Coblenz, Germany; records of the Adjutant-General show man was ordered to Replacement Depot, A. E. F., Germany, per special order dated Oct. 21, 1919, but there is no record of his ever having reported for duty; anyone able to furnish information as to this

man please write immediately so that assistance may be given his mother through the Veterans Bureau.

ZINK, Louis L., Machinist Mate, 2d Cl., stationed Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla., from Jan. 1, 1919, to Feb. 14, 1919, probably longer; originally in service at Great Lakes, Ill., entering the service at St. Louis, Mo., May 21, 1918. Comrade suffering from severe nervous disability; is unable to remember names of comrades and friends.

The War Department is holding Liberty Loan bonds for the following men. Any information relative to the present whereabouts of the ex-service men listed should be sent to this office, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The organization and address at enlistment of each man is given:

BENTALO, Kirafesio, Co. B, 328th Inf., 58 Dante Pl., Buffalo, N. Y. (Emergency address, Tom Fasiana, 105 Dante Pl.); BERRY, John, Co. A, 1st Prov. Colored, Camp Gordon, Ga., Dawson, Ga. (Emergency address, wife, Lena Berry, 616 Vine St., Dawson, Ga.); BOSKA, John, Co. I, 59th Inf., 1827 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Father, John Boska); BURRIS, Jones, 3d Labor Bn., Q. M. C., Drew, Miss. (Wife, Mrs. Letha Burris). (Future address, Rulesville, Miss.); BURK, Ignuts, Co. F, 150th Inf., Mine No. 1, Grantwood, W. Va. (Future address, Ola Burk, Carolina, W. Va.). (These bonds were shipped to Ignuts Burk, 3274 Merian St., Phila., Pa., but were returned on July 3, 1919, marked "Not known."); CSIZ-MARIK, Wiktor, Co. A, 34th Inf., 2618 W. 24th St., Chicago, Ill., care Roscoe Britchen; DAVIS, John, 804th Stev. Co., Transp. Corps, Columbia, S. C., 26 8th St. Charleston, S. C., and Columbia, S. C. (Father, Clem Davis, Charleston.)

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

M. G. Co, 108TH INF. (27th Div.)—Second annual reunion at Hotel Osborne, Rochester, N. Y., 7 p. m., Mar. 27. Address William Becker, 22 Stout St., Rochester.

77TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Mecca Temple, 133 West 55th St., New York City, 6:30 p. m., Apr. 8. Address 77th Div. Dinner Committee, 27 West 25th St., New York City.

Co. D, 331ST INF. (83d Div.)—To complete roster and make arrangements for reunion to be held in Cleveland, O., within next month, former members address Edwin C. Reminger, 442 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland.

166TH INF.—History of the 166th Infantry, "Ohio in the Rainbow," is available, free of cost to all officers and enlisted men who served honorably in the 166th Infantry during the World War, through appropriation of the Ohio Legislature. The history is ready for issue to those who are entitled to receive it, by making application furnishing such identification as is necessary to establish the fact that they are entitled to the book. Address applications to the Adjutant General's Department, Columbus, Ohio.

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The Week's Worst Pun

"You are charged with bringing two Hollanders into this country illegally," accused the immigration official. "What have you to say?"

"I got this," objected the culprit. "I don't see how there can be any law against a fellow getting in Dutch."

Not the First, Either

"Do you mean to tell me an athlete could ruin himself like that by falling over a little stair?"

"I didn't say he fell over a little stair. I said he fell over a baby stare."

Real Drug Store Cowboys

[Ad in Blackfoot (Ida.) Republican]

DAIRY STOCK—If you are interested in dairy stock, call at the Firth drug store and look them over.

Prison Garb

It was circus day and Perkins had been celebrating illegally. Along toward the middle of the afternoon he leaned up against the zebra pen and inquired sympathetically:

"Say, ol' timers, how long stretch are you—hic—in for?"

Obedying Instructions

"Oh—ah—by the way," remarked the doctor in some embarrassment, "how about that little bill I sent you last month?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed the patient airily. "Well, you know you told me not to worry over anything."

Appropriate

A colored minister was endeavoring to complete in dramatic style his sermon on the benefits of prohibition. In conclusion he said:

"Now, all de brethren what believes ev'ry drop o' liquor should be poured into

de rivah will please come fo'ward, while de choir sings a suitable selection."

And the choir responded promptly by singing: "Shall We Gather at the River?"

On and On Forever

"Madam," said the judge, sternly addressing the woman who had been arrested for speeding, "have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

"Good Lord, Judge!" exclaimed the prisoner's husband. "Now you've done it!"

Eulogies

I'll take a chance
On Steve McNair;
He says "In France,"
Not "Over There."

To Jimmie Pentire
We're in debt;
He killed an entire
Male quartet.

—John Oulnan.

Truth, Crushed to Earth

Out in Norfolk, Nebraska, the city council was meeting to discuss a suggestion to change to a city manager form of government. After a brilliant argument, one speaker concluded dramatically:

"No, gentlemen, let us retain the councilmanic form!"

Slavery Revived

[Ad in Memphis Commercial Appeal]

The Biggest Thing in the South—The Tri-State Fair—Buy a Book of Tickets from the Women Sellers.

Astronomically Correct

To one who trains a canine star I cried: "Why don't you teach him comedy delicious?"

And to my foolish question he replied: "The dog star, sir, at all times must be Sirius!" —D. D.

Pretty Bad

"Well," greeted Burd, "how do you feel today?"

"Oh," answered Kyle in a tone of misery. "about like an army officer when he's wearing civvies."

The First Briquet

Diogenes was tramping the streets, lug-ging the noted lighted lantern. "What the heck?" asked a cop in very good Greek. "If you're as blind as all that, why not have a dog to lead you around?"

"I can see as well as you can," replied Diogenes. "But I'm darned sick of having to hand out matches to cigarette hounds."

Just One More Wise Crack

McBurst: "Why do women take such short steps?"

McDud: "It gives them more opportunities for changing their mind about which way they're going."

It's a Cinch to Do

[Ad in Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette]

FORD ROADSTER, 1925 motor . . . excellent condition for quick turnover.

Right

Teacher: "Willie, what is an alcohol lamp?"

Willie: "That's Pop's eye when it has a dark circle around it."

Limerix

There was a young chemist named Ruff,
Who, while mixing a bottle of stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial—

And they hunted a while,
And found his front teeth and one cuff.
—A. W. B.

We've just lost an elegant chauffeur;
A robber he was, and a lauffeur.

But he knew how to drive
And he kept us alive,
So what did he want for to gauffeur?
—E. W. B.

The gob walked the floor, seeing red,
And tore at the hair on his head

Till a nurse oped the door;
"Now worry some more—
You've two little goblets," she said.
—F. W.



ON ANY SOUTHERN BEACH

"What a wonderful tan!"

"She inherited it."

"Inherited it?"

"Yes, she's a Seminole Indian."

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By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

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How Many of the Following Questions Can You Answer?

*How many letters does the President receive each day?
Where is the mirror that weighs no more than the hind leg of a fly?
Who uses Daniel Webster's desk in the Senate?
Where are hurricanes made to order?
What one Government Department never gives an account of the money it spends?
Where did the catch phrase "Safety First" originate?
What map would cover a sheet of paper an acre in extent if completed in one piece?
Who was granted the first patent by the United States Patent Office?
Where are fish rescuers employed by Uncle Sam?
What 300-page book was printed in a night?
What does it cost Uncle Sam to issue and to redeem a bank note?
Who was the last pensioner of the Revolutionary War?
How long did it take to pass the Volstead Act?*

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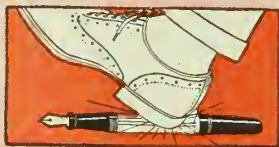
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